

# Dear And The Headlights, I'm Bored, You're Amo

I've got this feeling in my blood  
that I want more, this ain't enough  
a girlfriend, a movie,  
a slow dance, and straight teeth  
some candle lit forced sentiment  
I'm bored to tears you're amorous  
so please pass the regret  
it tastes good on thick skin

I'm fast approaching death  
you aren't helping it  
your smile's been losing it's charm  
you still think you've got it  
is this the best idea that you've ever had?

The living room, the furnace heat  
you pull your hair, and gnash, and weep  
confess how you've blessed me  
while I'm blank just blinking

No pressing lips just pleading speech  
the falls to the floor to rest on feet  
that float so light at first  
but they've clotted up with concrete  
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This is how, this is how it starts  
And this is how, this is how it stops

I'm still just blinking  
and you're still talking  
there is no meaning, not now

Fast approaching death  
you aren't helping it, you're  
a girlfriend, a movie  
a slow dance, a thought that just passed  
so fast approaching death  
we never noticed it  
it just came on and came apart on us  
the best idea that we never had